# The Just Reward of Perjury.

OR, The Mournful Lamentation of Thomas Sarton, who was Convicted of wilful perjury at the Kings-Bench-Bar, at Westminster, and accordingly received just Sentence due to his Crimes, which was to stand thrice in the pillory, to be Whipt from Ludgate to Westminster, and on Fryday being the 17th. of this Instant, to be Whiped from Newgate to Tyburn.

To the Tune of, Russels Farewell. This may be printed, R. P.

TO all that come from far and near,
I do declare this day,
I Swoze against a Noble Peer,
to take his Life away:
Which did my very Conscience stain,
and JUSTICE now I see,
By Law this punishment ordain'd
for my false Perjury.

I am a Tanner by my trade,
it cannot be deny'd,
But for the Villany I play'd,
Jack Ketch has tann'd my Hide;
My hanious crime was made appear
there's few would pitty me,
And said it can't be too severe;
for my false Perjury.

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But firſt, I in the PILLORY
promoted was, and then
With Rotten Eggs they pelted me,
there was not one in ten
But ſaid it was my due deſert,
this was my deſtiny,
Not one there was to take my part,
in this my Perjury.

My Partner Oates will laugh to hear
no queſtion to be made,
That I with him muſt bear a ſhare,
for taking up his Trade:
I am confin'd in Priſon ſtrong,
deny'd of Liberty
I never flouriſht half ſo long
as he for Perjury.

The new Canarees I did dance,
after a Cart and Horſe,
And many hundreds ſee me prance
along to Charing-Croſs;
Both Horſe & Man, & Footmen too
all theſe did wait on me,
It was the leaſt that they could do,
for this my Perjury.

Methoughts I often heard them prate
as paſſing through the croud,
Saying ſee how he walks in ſtate,
his Worſhip is grown proud:
For here behold his running traine
thus none will pitty me,
But ſcornfully they me diſdain,
for this my Perjury.

But yet I did not care a Figg,
for all the ſcoffing crue,
But I muſt dance the other Jigg,
along to TYBURN too;
This fills my very heart with grief,
no friend I have I ſee,
Nor can expect the leaſt relief,
it is for perjury.

In Priſon walls I now muſt pine,
like a moſt wretched man,
Five hundred mark it is my Fine,
but get it where I can;
Thus like a falſe forſworn knave
the world may hiſs at me,
Becauſe I did my ſelf inſlave,
by hateful perjury.

For better I had ne'r been born,
then to have run this race,
My life alas is made forlorn,
beſides this foul diſgrace:
I am a ſad example here,
then warning take by me,
And ſee you keep your conſcience clear
from guilt of perjury.

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